THE GOVERNOUR,

A

POEM

ON THE

Preſent Poſture of Affairs:

Preſented to the KING.

By Mr. STANHOPE.

O Quis, quis volet impias
Cædes, & Rabiem tollere Civicam?
Si quæret Pater Urbium
Subſcribi ſtatuis; indomitam audeat
Refrænare Licentiam,
Clarus poſtgenitis:——— HOR.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON,

Printed for E. CURLL, at the Dial and Bible, over against *Catherine-Street* in the *Strand*. M.DCC.XX.

Poetry Vol 1st

	Pages
Governour	28
Style of War	26
Health	28
Moral Essays	48
Economy of Love	20
Poem on the Creation of the World	52
Discovery an Ode	8
Life or daily thoughts	24
Well born Englishman	50
Letter to the Moderator	8
Siege of the Pulpits	8
Battle of the Ministers	8
Poem Champions of the State	16.
	324

BRITISH MUSEUM 1753 15 64 NOV

1608/2051.

THE

GOVERNOUR,

A

POEM.

LOUD, and more loud, ye *Britons* shout,——'tis HE;
'Tis *GEORGE* return'd——and, from your Woes, you're free:
His Word is Destiny at Second hand,
Can things, which seem impossible, command:

Tho'

Tho' Faction's Whirl-winds the vex'd Realms deform,
That ſaves the Ship of State——*That* lays the Storm.
As *Neptune*'s Trident ſmooths the ſwelling Seas,
GEORGE waves his Sceptre———and our Tempeſts ceaſe.

For ſay, O Loyal Fellow-Subjects, ſay,
Since laſt recorded *Æra*'s whiteſt Day,
When *GEORGE*, firſt mounting, rais'd the *Britiſh* Throne,
Made us *much* His, but *more* Himſelf our own;
(For He our Troubles, We his Bleſſings ſhare;
HE is *our Happineſs*, and We *his Care*.)
Say,

Say, ever ſince that All-enlivening Sun
With Beams of Bounty on our Iſland ſhone,
Did not black *Envy* ſtill the Light invade,
And ſtrive to wrap us in her *ſullen* Shade?
Yet han't thoſe Clouds, diſpell'd by ſome new Ray
Increas'd the Riſing Glories of his Way?

Lo! e'er he came, ſome Traytors to the State
To keep it *Low*, as He ſince made it *Great*,
Try'd all the Tricks, that Malice could deviſe,
To bar *our Hopes* from our deſiring Eyes:
Yet Providence, the *deſtin'd Time*, thought fit,
In Fate's eternal Volume ſhould be writ,
When *GEORGE* ſhould rule *Britannia*'s happ
Land,
Then took, as 'twere, our Monarch by the Hand

Le

Led him thro' adverſe Perjury and Deceit,
ſafe to *Imperial Honour's* Higheſt Seat;
Plac'd him All-great, and Sparkling on the Throne,
And center'd all our Hopes in him alone;
Our Hopes, the Crown, till lateſt Times ſhould
wait
On the *long* Race of Great *PLANTAGENET.*
And ſure, if ever yet indulgent Heaven
Marks of its Love for *Scepter'd Pow'r* has given,
If e'er *that Form* of *Empire* it prefer'd,
If e'er its Voice by Mortal Ears was heard,
Here *all* its *Marks* of *Favour* it employs,
ALL call him to the Crown he now enjoys.

WHEN firſt his Sacred Temples bore the Crown,
The Weight of Glory His, the Pomp our own;

No

No ſooner Crown'd, but thro' the World he lay
Unerring Schemes of Univerſal Peace:
Europe's tir'd Kings his welcome Plan obey'd,
And joint Addreſſes with his Subjects paid:
So Great we liv'd, ſo Happy, ſo Belov'd,
Our Bleſſings were too high to be improv'd;
More Joy we could not wiſh, for 'twere Exceſs,
Which makes, whatever 'twould make Greater
Leſs.

'Twas then that *Envy*, with malignant Eyes
Beheld new Joy with each new Sun ariſe;
Madden'd at theſe Pacifick Schemes, ſhe ſwore
That *Britiſh* Fields ſhould ſwim with *Britiſh* Gore
She took the crooked Shape of reſtleſs *Marr*,
And Zeal pretending, rais'd a *Civil War*.

Le
a
Pla
An
Bu
And like the *Former* CÆSAR, acts the *New*.
On
In
Ma
f
f
He
A L
V
The
So

So when the Light of Loyalty broke forth,
It drove pale *Envy* from her Cloudy * *North*;
From Earth to Air her vap'rous Form ſhe rear'd
And Flaming, like a Meteor, diſappear'd.

To us ſhe diſappear'd, but thro the World,
Trav'ling aloft, her baleful Influence hurl'd;
O'er Diſtant Kingdoms, tho' in Ours ſhe fails.
Widely her undiſputed Sway prevails:
Since here in vain ſhe found her Fury ſpent,
Her Feuds the reſt of Spacious *Europe* rent,
Our Iſle ſhe left, to waſte the *Continent*.

* Alluding to the Coruſcations that appear'd in the Nor
juſt after the happy Termination of the late Unnatu
Rebellion.

No *GEORGE* was there to ſtop her dread
Alarms,
No Counſels elſe ſhe fear'd, nor other Arms;
From *North* to *South* ſhe formidably ſhines,
Lights GORTZ's *Trains*, and ALBERONI's *Mines*.
THE Haughty *Spaniard*, by her Influence, led,
Inſidious Arms o'er wafted Iſlands ſpread;
Sardinia's Faith to *Auſtria* plighted, broke,
Bow'd her Fair Neck beneath his Galling Yoke:
Then Fair *Sicilia* felt his Lawleſs Sway,
And found its better-half conſtrain'd t'obey:
To Naked Fields the Globe's rich Granery turn'd,
The Place, that fed the World, a Famine mourn'd,
Now *Naples* trembled, with Seditions vex'd,
And fear'd their Fate would prove its own the
next;

Ev'n

Ev'n *Germany* with Doubts ſuſpended ſtood,
Whether its num'rous States ſhould ſtream with
Blood:
On *Britain*'s King their Fears or Hopes depend,
If Wars ſhould endleſs prove, or when they'd end.
Well on his Boundleſs Pow'r the Peace relies,
GEORGE orders—and our Winged Navy flies
Soon reach'd, nor ſooner reach'd *Sicilia*'s Shore,
But ſtrait her Light'nings Blaze, her Thunders
Roar:
Soon their *Heſperian* Fleet its Error knows,
Half ſinking to the Womb of *Thetis*, goes;
Their Adm'ral ſav'd, but to become a Prize,
Shatter'd the *Remnant*, not worth taking, flies:
Merci, incourag'd, does his Troops command,
As *Britons* fought by Sea, to fight by Land:

By

By *British* Cannon and the *German* Sword,
Guarded, the Isle rejects the *Spanish* Lord.

No more the noisy Drums and Clarions sound,
No more the Clangors of shrill Trumpets wound
The gentle Echoes of the Peaceful Air,
Nor frights the Hinds the Brazen Threat of War:
Those Death-decoying Instruments are mute,
In quiv'ring Notes contending Nymphs dispute,
Love dances on the String, and warbles thro
the Lute.
Now Rural Musick, from some Oaten Reed,
Heals Wounded Minds, when Love-sick Shep-
herds bleed:
Now how her Face recovering Nature shows,
How with kind Suns the Yellowing Harvest
glows;

How

How ſhoot the Woods a-new, how ſpring the Plains,
Apollo's Fav'rites, the *Sicilian* Swains,
Tell in ſweet Numbers; but in loftier Verſe,
The Mighty Deeds of Mighty BYNG rehearſe.
Each rivals next the *Mantuan* Bard, and Sings
GEORGE, who at pleaſure makes, or unmakes Kings:

AT Magick Numbers all-commanding Sound,
Furies and Ghoſts are ſaid to quit their Ground:
Envy, this joyful Muſick loth to bear,
Reſumes her vap'rous Form, and ſcales the Air;
To ſeek freſh Reſidence, ſhe mounts on high,
Then *Northward* bends her Journey thro' the Sky

Till reaching barb'rous *Ruſſia*'s Gloomy Land,
She found an Empire fit for her Command.
Here firſt ſhe fix'd her Baleful Seat, and here
Hatch'd the Dire Projects of a Bloody Year.
Strait ſome *dead Ruſſian* Monarch's Form ſhe took,
And *This*, in Dreams of Glory loſt, beſpoke.

'HAST heard, O CZAR, how round the *Southern* Shore
Britiſh AUGUSTUS made his Thunders roar?
Round his remoteſt Foes his Lightnings hurl'd,
And tam'd the noiſieſt Quarters of the World?
How, far as *Pines* with Canvas Wings can fly,
His Fame runs Echoing thro' the Vaulted Sky?
While Kings his Praiſe with inward Rancour Hear,
'But outwardly applaud, becauſe they Fear:

'Wilt

‘ Wilt Thou thy Share of *Martial* Pomp resign
‘ To him, whose Kingdom is a Span to Thine?
‘ Up, up, for Honour's sake, and once again
‘ Let Foreign Panicks show a *Russian* Reign:
‘ If He's a CÆSAR, You're a CÆSAR too,
‘ Nor less the Glory than the Name's your Due
‘ Since your Imperial Titles are the same,
‘ O shine his *Equal* in the Rolls of Fame!
‘ Let thy *Dread* Fleet its Watry Empire seize,
‘ His be the *Southern*, Thine the *Northern* Seas
‘ Let Boasted *Britons* make tame *Spaniards* blee
‘ While Braver *Russians* Quell the Hardy *Swe*
‘ So the chief Praise to Thee shall *GEORG*
resign,
‘ And own his Triumphs cheaply bought to Thi

‘ Ea

Each future Pilot ſhall thy Fame declare,
And name their *Northern* Guide, The *Ruſſian*
Star.

THIS ſaid, away the *Regal* Phantom flew,
Scattering thoſe Airy Clothings from his View;
Envy, unſeen herſelf, beſieg'd his Breaſt,
His flutt'ring Heart his anxious Soul poſſeſt,
Rid, like a *Hag*, his Dreams, and broke his
Balmy Reſt.

THESE boding Dreams the CZAR con-
firm'd, awake;
And Fight he would, tho' but for Fighting-ſake:
Careleſs, if neither Country reap'd the Good,
His Pride he plac'd in ſhedding Human Blood;

To

To gain Inglerious Conqueſts was his Aim,
He ſought not Conqueſt's *End*, but Conqueſt's
Name.
Strait grown a *Victor* in his cruel *Thought*,
Stockholm He lack'd, and *future* Battels fought:
Too ſoon he tries, what he reſolves too ſoon,
And all the Tempeſts of the War's begun;
Gath'ring his Fleet, he wide Deſtruction breathes
And in each Veſſel ſtores ten thouſand Deaths:
By Magazines of ill-invented Fire,
Whole Provinces He deſtines to expire;
Then calls his Chief--one barb'rous Order gives.
Too ſure to coſt whole Hecatombs of Lives;
Of various Deaths preſcribes each dreadful Form
And like ſome *wrathful Angel* guides the Storm

Him ſwift the *Chief*, the *Fleet* their *Chief* obey,
And num'rous *Tranſports* hide the Neighb'ring Sea;
Not long—for lo! the *floating Realm* invades
A Diſtant Realm, whoſe Brave *out-number'd Swedes*
Are driv'n, *a Hoſt of Heroes*, to the Shades;
To Devaſtation next their Arms they turn,
Villa's, and Villages, and Cities burn;
Their Ramparts flame, and no aſſiſting Flood,
To quench that Flame, is near, but Chriſtian Blood:
Young Virgins fall, unaided by their Charms,
In vain her Babe the Shrieking Mother's Arms,
Clip to the Place, that fondles Babes to Reſt,
Parent and Child one Endleſs Sleep poſſeſt,
And Daggers pin it to the Streaming Breaſt.

Wit

With harmleſs Fields and Woods they next engage,
Even they're made Fuel to Unbounded Rage;
Life-giving Corn, for Miles, in Flames expires,
Crackling with Anger at their impious Fires;
Oaks that had flouriſh'd for an hundred Years,
Flaming aloft, below their Sappy Tears,
On their Old Mother Earth's ſcorch'd Boſom pour,
And mourn an Age's Loſs in one ſhort Hour:
From Tree to Tree, conſuming Leagues of Wood
Defraud of future Fleets the Watry God;
He felt the Scorchings of the Neighb'ring Flame,
Wiſh'd that he nearer had ſome Daughter Stream,
To overflow its Banks, and *Ruſſian* Fury tame

In vain—a Week the blazing Terrors play;
That Week's one long uninterrupted Day,
No Night, till all around in Aſhy Ruins lay.

AND is it thus, O *Ruſſian*, thou wouldſt vie
With *GEORGE*, that like the Thund'rer of the Sky,
Could, were his Bolts, like thine, at random hurl'd,
As You one Kingdom ravag'd, cruſh the World?
But Juſtice o'er his well-plac'd Anger rules,
He flames by Reaſon, and by Reaſon cools;
As You are *falſely*, He is *truly* Brave,
Not fights to Ruin, but ſubdues to Save:
Too ſoon you'll find, when he protects the *Swedes*,
Juſt Rage provok'd, repay your Lawleſs Deeds;
Be wiſe, your Fleets in ſafeſt Harbours keep,
Leſt the *Burnt-Sacrifice* atones the Deep:

As

As well with *Sol* might *Phaeton* compare,
Or mad *Oreſtes* with the God of War,
As thou with *GEORGE*; like *SOL*'s, his Glories ſtrike
On all Mankind, and ſhine on all alike.
O! was thy Pow'r like his, one fatal Day
Would the whole mould'ring Globe in Aſhes lay;
Thy Name would, where 'tis now unknown, be curſt,
And *Second Phaeton* outdo the *Firſt*.
But, O! beware, raſh Prince! betimes beware,
Nor urge the Progreſs of the *Northern* War:
Leſt the *new Phaeton*'s Career ſhould prove
A *Second Thunderer*, and a *Britiſh Jove*.

PROCEED, *the Czar's Invincible*, he cries,
Nor fears th' united Wrath of Earth and Skies.

STRAIT

STRAIT dauntleſs NORRIS reach'd the *Baltick* Seas,
And *the Invincible* ſoon treats of *Peace.*

ENVY, ſince Wars can't trouble his Repoſe,
And vex'd that Order from Diſorder grows,
By *Zeal* more latent Miſchiefs does conſpire,
By *Zeal*, far worſe than War, or Sword, or Fire;
Upon her Head the *Mitred* Honour's born,
She wears the *Cope*, her Serpent-Locks are ſhorn;
Her hollow Features, and her Palid Look,
The ſtarving Fits of wild Devotion ſpoke;
With the devouteſt Charity ſhe burns,
And ſtrait the Mitre to a Helmet turns;
She lops the Faſhion of the Scarlet Gown,
To Regimental Clothes of fierce Dragoon;

In Fury to *Reform'd* Cathedrals flies,
And ſwore, her Prieſts their Prieſts, ſhould ſacri-
fice.
Up to the Pulpit, marching Files by Files,
They drive Grey *Elders* trembling thro the Iſles;
To open Fields the *Holy Tribe* repair,
And make the ſpacious Heavens the Place of
Prayer:
When theſe Petitions to high Heaven are done,
Inſpir'd, they next addreſs the *Britiſh* Throne;
As quick as they their anxious Prayer prefer'd,
So quick the *Faith-defending* Monarch heard;
Pity'd the too juſt Cauſes of their Grief,
His Aid he promis'd, and he vow'd Relief.

Lo! *Envy*, when Great *GEORGE* abroad
muſt go
To heal thoſe Woes, contrives Domeſtick Woe;

She calls up pow'rful *Mammon* to invade
His Realm with *Stedfaſtneſs*, by pretence of Aid;
She bids *Hypocriſy* to dreſs him bright,
To gild with *Solar Beams* his Genuine *Night*,
And the *dark Fiend* an *Angel* ſeem'd of *Light*.
'Twas he for Thirty Pence one *Judas* bought,
But now *to Forty* Pounds, by Millions, brought;
Taught them his Maſter-piece of curs'd Deceit,
And how to fleece Three Kingdoms by one Cheat.
But *Sophiſtry* he taught them too, to prove
That all they did, was for their Country's Love,
That what has cruſh'd Us in one common Fate,
Was to redeem Us, and to free the State.
Like *Sodom*'s *Fruit* their *Schemes appear*, and *are*,
Their Inſides *rotten*, but their Outſides *fair*;
So fair, no wonder they deceiv'd the Eyes
Of Stateſmen, truly *Good*, and truly *Wiſe*;
This Caſe too often does befall the Good,
Knaves are by Words, not Meanings underſtood

This Truth however may ſome Joy create,
Good Men ſtill puniſh where they find the Chea
STANHOPE and CRAGGS, Two *Patriots* of our Iſl
Who on their *promis'd Aids* did *juſtly* ſmile,
Will on their *forfeit* Words as *juſtly* frown,
And vindicate the Glories of the Crown.

BUT COWPER, who can hear thy *Prophet-Sen*
And not relate thy wondrous *Eloquence*?
Thy Voice like *Tully*'s for the State prefer'd,
Had *ſav'd* like *Tully*'s, if like *Tully*'s *heard*;
Rightly you call'd their Scheme a *Trojan Horſe*
Whoſe inward Frauds might help ſome outwa
Force:
Too much like *Old Laocoon* ſpoke the *New*,
His Words *no more* attended—— but *as True*.

YET One we have, one ſaving Speech to ho
From whence we'll date again a *Golden Year*;
Wh

When *GEORGE* returning from his Cares
abroad
rom easing Christians of *Oppression*'s Load,
eſtoring plunder'd *Fanes* to them, to God;
When He, this *Mighty GEORGE* again ſhall ſpeak
o liſt'ning *Senates*, and Hell's Magick break;
ures of *Diſeaſes* to his *Touch* belong,
nd *Cures* of *Faction* to his *Balmy Tongue*;
aſt as pale *Envy* found new Feuds, as faſt
E quell'd them *all*—this *HYDRA* is the laſt:
he Fiend to ſet him farther Tasks does ceaſe,
nd laſting, and like Heav'n, ſhall be our Peace.
Toils on Toils the Great *Alcides* thus
ain'd Heaven—for *Himſelf*—but *GEORGE*—
for *Us*.
HARK now the Cannons echo to the Sky,
EORGE ſeeks the Senate—now our Bliſs is nigh,
e ſpeaks—The Time of Happineſs is come,
ttend and let all ſaucy Praiſe be dumb.

FINIS.